CINEMA THEATRES

ACADEMY. Ger 2981 **Grande Illusion** (A). Gabin Fresnay. Stroheim 1.25 3.5 8.41
Years of Endurance. **Hatter's Castle** (A).
CARLTON. Dramatic Technicolor Cavalcade "**Incendiary Blonde**" (A) Cont 10 a.m., showing at 10.20 12.30 2.45 4.46 6.57
DOMINION (G.-B.) "**A Man Called Sullivan**" (A) **The Woman in Green** (A) 11.30 to 10.
EMPIRE. (Ger. 1234.) 10-10. Ginger Rogers. Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson "**Week-end at the Waldorf**" (A). At 10.0, 12.25, 2.55, 5.20, 7.45
GAUMONT Haymarket Peggy Ann Garner in **Junior Miss** (U). **Steel** (in Technicolor) (U). Progs. cont. 11.15, 1.50, 4.25 and 7.10.
LEICESTER SQ. TH. "**They Knew Mr. Knight**" (A), with Mervyn Johns, Nora Swinburne, Alfred Drayton. 12.0, 2.30, 4.50, 7.15
LONDON PAVILION. 10-10.0. James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney in **Blood on the Sun** (A). Daily at 11.10, 1.25, 3.45, 6.5, 8.20.
MARBLE ARCH PAV. Laurence Olivier in **Henry V.** (U). Technicolor. Perfs 10.30 (not bookable), 2.30 and 6.30 (bookable).
NEW GALLERY. Regent-st. Walt Disney's **The Three Caballeros** (in Technicolor) (U) Showing at 11.20, 1.40, 4.0, 6.20 and 8.40.
NEW VICTORIA (G.-B.) **A Man Called Sullivan** (A) **The Woman in Green** (A) 11.30-10.
ODEON, Leic.-sq. Whi. 6111. **It's a Pleasure** (A). Tech. at 11.20, 2.20, 5.20, 8.20. **The True Glory** (A), at 10.0, 1.0, 4.0, 7.0
PLAZA. Joan Fontaine, George Brent, **The Affairs of Susan** (A). 11.16, 2.09, 5.02, 7.55.
RIALTO. Cov.-st. "**29 Acacia Avenue**" (A) Gordon Harker, Carla Lehmann Jimmy Hanley, B Balfour, H Gregg, J Evans News.
STUDIO ONE. (12.45-10.) Maurice Chevalier. "**Pleces**" (Personal Column) (A) (Fr.), & Francoise Rosay. "**Half-Way House**" (A)
TIVOLI, Strand Dennis O'Keefe, Constance Moore in **Earl Carroll Vanities** (U). Showing at 2.20, 5.25 and 8.25 **Utah** (U).
WARNER. Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid in **The Conspirators** (A) At 1.55, 5.5, 8.20 Also **True Glory** (A) 12.35, 3.40, 6.55.

ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. ROYAL ALBERT HALL Tonight & nightly at 7

THEATRES

ADELPHI. Tem. 7611. Evgs 6.30. Tu., Sat., 2.15. WEBSTER BOOTH and ANNE ZIEGLER in **Sweet Yesterday.** A New Musical Romance.
ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 6.45. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Firth Shephard presents **Tomorrow the World.** Last week
AMBASSADORS. (Tem 1171.) 6.15. W., S., 2.30. **Sweeter & Lower.** THIRD YEAR.
APOLLO. (Ger 2663.) 6.45. Weds & Sats., 2.30. Noe. Coward's "**Private Lives.**"
CAMBRIDGE. (Tem 6056.) **A Night in Venice.** 2nd Year Best Musical in Town. Evgs., 6.45 Mats. Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.
COLISEUM. Ch. X. Tem 3161 Evgs., 6.30. Mats Mons., Weds. Thurs & Sats., 2.30 **The Night & The Music.** VIC OLIVER.
COMEDY. Mon. to Fri., 6.45. Sat., 5.15 & 7.45. Mat., Tues., 2.45 George Gee in A New Farce **See How They Run.** Beryl Mason. (Whi 2578.)
DUCHESS. Tem. 8243 Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30 Noel Coward's "**Blithe Spirit**" (5th Yr.)
DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem 5122.) Evgs., 6.30. "**Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?**" R. Lynn, E. Randolph. W. S., 2.45 2nd Yr.
GARRICK. Tem. 4601 Evgs. 6.15 Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.30. Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in **Madame Louise.** by Vernon Sylvaine. Prod by Richard Bird.
GLOBE. Evgs., 6.30 Weds & Sats., 2.30. Rattigan's "**While the Sun Shines.**"
HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272.) Evgs. 6.15 Wed. & Sats at 2.15. Tom Arnold presents Ivor Novello in "**Perchance to Dream.**"
HIS MAJESTY'S. Whi 6606 **Back Home.** Revue by Air Crew Stalag Luft III. For week Aug. 6-11. Evgs. 6.20 Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30
HIS MAJESTY'S. (International Ballet Season comm. Aug. 15. 6.30 Mats. Weds., Sats. 2.30 Season's progr. (2d. stp.) WHi. 6606.
KING'S. (Riv 5094.) 7.0 Thu., Sat., 2.30 **Pink String and Sealing Wax.**
LYRIC. Ger 3686. Evgs 6.30. Mats., Weds., Sats., 2.30. JOHN MILLS & MARY MORRIS in "**Duet for Two Hands.**"
NEW. (Tem 3878.) **The First Gentleman.** Evenings 6.30 Mats Wed. Sat. 2.30. ROBERT MORLEY and WENDY HILLER
OPEN AIR, Reg. Pk. Wel. 2060 Tonight 7 **Midsummer Night's Dream** (cover if wet)
PALACE. (Ger 6834.) Evgs., 6.30 Wed & Sat 2.15. **Gay Rosalinda.** Ruth Naylor Richard Doman Irene Ambrus Cdr. R. Tauber
PALLADIUM. Ger. 7373 Daily 2.30 and 6.20 GEORGE BLACK'S new Musical Production **Happy and Glorious,** with TOMMY TRINDER
PHŒNIX. A New Comedy **Kiss and Tell.** Renee KELLY Percy MARMONT. Gerald Prince Evgs. 6.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30
PLAYHOUSE. (Whi 7774.) Evgs., 6.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat 2.30 Sophie Stewart Richard Bird in **Lady from Edinburgh.**
PRINCES. (Tem 4.596.) Evenings 6.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30. EVELYN LAYE in **Three Waltzes.** LAST WEEK
PRINCE OF WALES. Whi 8681. Daily 2.30 & 6.10. GEORGE BLACK'S **Strike it Again,** with SID FIELD. Last week. Next week: Variety with MAX MILLER
ST. JAMES'S. Whi 3903 Evgs., 6.30 Weds. & Sats., 2.30. "**The Wind of Heaven.**"
ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 6.45 Tu., Fri., 2.45 Kenneth Kent in **The Shop At Sly Corner.** Cath. Nesbitt, Victoria Hopper, Ada Reeve
SADLER'S WELLS (no phone bkgs.) 6.45 Th., Sat., 2.30 **Sadler's Wells Ballet.**
SAVILLE. (Tem. 4011.) 6.30 Th., St., 2.30 **Gaieties.** Leslie Henson, Hermione Baddeley, W. Crisham, P. Hymah, A. Angers
SAVOY. (Tem 8888.) 6.45 Wed. Sat. 2.30 Firth Shephard's **Chicken Every Sunday.**
STOLL. Kway Hol. 3707 Evgs. 6.30 Th. S., 2.30. Jack Hylton presents "**For Crying Out Loud.**" Nervo & Knox, Will Hay
STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs. 6.30 Thurs & Sat., 2.30 Firth Shepherd presents **Arsenic & Old Lace.** Now in its Third Year.
VAUDEVILLE. (Tem. 4871.) 6.30 Tu., S., 2.30 FAY COMPTON in Esther McCracken's **No Medals.** Produced by Richard Bird
VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic 1317.) Evenings (ex Sats.) 6.30. Mats. Wed & Thurs 2.30 Sats., 5.15 & 8.0 LUPINO LANE in the Famous Shiels. Last perfs. 15th. Valerie Tandy, Phyllis Stanley, Wallace Lupino, Doris Rogers & GEORGE GRAVES
WESTMINSTER. (Vic 0283.) Evgs (ex Mon.) 6.30. W., T. & Sat., 2.30. Robt DONAT in "**The Cure for Love,**" by W. Greenwood
WHITEHALL. (Whi 6692.) 2.30 to 9.30 PHYLLIS DIXEY in "**Peek-a-Boo Again**" With Vargas Models. Last perfs. 15th.
WINDMILL Picc Circ **Revudeville.** 14th Yr 185th Ed. (6th wk.) Cont. daily 12.15-9.30 Last perf 7.50 A. VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION. "WE NEVER CLOSED."
WINTER GARDEN Hol 8881 Evgs 6.30 Weds & Sats 2.30. **Ballets Jooss.** Today 6.30. **Sailor's Fancy, Company Manner, Pandora.** Prog. from Theatre 2d. stamp
WYNDHAM'S (24.) Th Sat., 2.30. **The Years Between,** return of Clive Brook

W & S

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DAILY EXPRESS

In Great Britain nearly everybody reads the Daily Express

Opinion

The Bomb

THE world has changed overnight.

The explosion at Hiroshima marks the end of an epoch, the beginning of another. It has blotted out a whole universe of ideas.

Steeled as the people have become to news of weapons of destruction, they can but gasp in wonder at this revelation of man's power over the forces of Nature.

Two thousand times the blast-power of the biggest bomb that ever hit the Germans!

How can you visualise it? How can you begin to grasp the implications of this atomic bomb in which for the first time a vast, latent force has been released, controlled and harnessed for specified destruction?

The Man

FOR the immediate advantages of this achievement of the scientists we should be grateful.

Grateful, once more, to the prescience of Winston Churchill, who furthered the researches and made the decisions and inspired the workers to their task.

Canning "brought in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Churchill has brought in a new universe to that task, and to the men who worked for him it has yielded up its most potent secrets.

Not again!

THE release and the control of atomic energy now presented is far and away the biggest triumph of science in our time.

Is it an omen that it makes its first appearance in the form of a bomb?

Too many of the triumphs of science have turned out to be tragedies. The conquest of the air has strewn a continent with ruins. And the first and worst result of the conquest of the ether was the rise of Adolf Hitler on the wings of radio.

Now what is to happen about the conquest of the atom? The bombs are made, and will be used, at least until Japan surrenders.

What then?

War no more

IS it too much to hope that this magnificent and terrible achievement will turn the minds of the peoples permanently towards peace? Will they study war no more, knowing that war will mean their own destruction?

That was the hope of Nobel when he invented dynamite, and it proved false. Must it always prove false?

Has not the time come when nation MUST speak peace unto nation, now and for ever more?

Man's servants

EVERYTHING turns on the wisdom and goodness of the peoples and their rulers.

If there is a genuine and heartfelt will among all to live in peace and amity, the atomic energy now being used for destruction can bring boundless blessings to the world.

Here is a new and limitless source of energy, challenging the old and limited sources—water, fire, electricity.

It is not for the layman to speculate with any confidence on that tremendous fact. But it may be that science has now in its power the means of creating an entirely new world—a brave new world and a happy one.

But if the nations now fail or falter, this same atomic energy can destroy their civilisation as completely as the tides engulfed Atlantis.

There is the choice before us.

Seek peace

TODAY, heartfelt thanksgiving that this discovery has been denied to our enemies. They sought for it eagerly, pertinaciously.

A few more weeks or months maybe, and the secrets of atomic energy might have been at the service of the oppressor—with Britain herself laid in ruin.

Let us be prouder than ever of our soldiers and sailors and airmen, who saved us in time.

Now the nations must seek by every means to ensure that atomic energy becomes a blessing and not a scourge.

THESE WORDS TOLD THE WORLD

This is the statement which gave to the world its first news of the Atomic Bomb:—

Express Staff Reporter: New York, Monday

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, on his return to Washington from the Big Three Conference today, said: "Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima, an important Japanese Army base.

"That bomb had more than 2,000 times the blast power of the British 'Grand Slam,' which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history of warfare."

The President gave these further details:—

With this bomb we have now added a new and revolutionary increase in destruction to supplement the growing power of our armed forces. In their present form these bombs are now in production, and even more powerful forms are in development.

Mr. Churchill and the late President Roosevelt agreed on the wisdom of carrying on atomic bomb manufacture in the U.S., which was out of reach of enemy bombing.

It is a harnessing of the basic power of the universe. The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought the war to the Far East.

Before 1939 it was the accepted belief of scientists that it was theoretically possible to release atomic energy. But nobody knew any practical method of doing it.

By 1942, however, we knew that the Germans were working feverishly to find a way to add atomic energy to other engines of war with which they hoped to enslave the world. But they failed.

Be grateful

WE may be grateful to Providence that the Germans got V1s and V2s late and in limited quantities, and even more grateful that they did not get the atomic bomb at all.

The battle of the laboratories held fateful risks for us as well as the battle of the air land and sea, and we have now won the battle of the laboratories as we have won other battles.

Beginning in 1940, before Pearl Harbour, scientific knowledge useful in war was pooled between the U.S. and Britain, and many priceless helps to our victories have come from the arrangement.

Under that general policy research on the atomic bomb was begun. With American and British scientists working together we entered the race of discovery against the Germans.

More than 125,000 people worked to construct atomic bomb factories in the U.S., and more than 65,000 are now engaged at two great operating plants and many lesser factories.

Many have worked there for two and a half years. Few know what they have been producing. They see great quantities of materials going in and they see nothing coming out of these plants.

Small size

FOR the physical size of the explosive charge is exceedingly small. We have spent 2,000,000,000 dollars (about £500,000,000) on the greatest scientific gamble in history, and have won.

The Potsdam ultimatum was issued to spare the Japanese people from utter destruction. Their leaders promptly rejected the ultimatum.

We are now prepared to obliterate more rapidly and completely every productive enterprise the Japanese have above ground in any city. We shall destroy their docks, their factories and their communications.

Let there be no mistake; we shall completely destroy Japan's power to make war. If the Japanese do not now accept our terms they may expect a rain of ruin from the air the like of which has never been seen on this earth.

Behind this air attack will follow sea and land forces in such numbers and power as they have not yet seen, and with a fighting skill of which they have already become well aware.

The atomic power sites are at Oakridge (Tennessee)—near Knoxville—and Richland (Washington)—near Pasco—and installations near Santa Fe (New Mexico).

Although workers at the sites have been making the materials to be used in producing the greatest destructive force in history, they have not themselves been in danger beyond that of many other occupations for the utmost care has been taken for their safety.

A new era

THE fact that we can release atomic energy ushers in a new era in man's understanding of Nature's forces. I shall recommend the Congress of the U.S. to consider promptly the establishment of an appropriate commission to control the production and use of atomic power within the U.S.

I shall give further consideration, and make a further recommendation to Congress, as to how atomic power can become a powerful and forceful influence towards the maintenance of world peace.

Under present circumstances it is not intended to divulge the technical processes of production, or all its military applications, pending a further examination of the possible methods of protecting the U.S. and the rest of the world from the danger of sudden destruction.

The final harnessing of atomic power may be used in future to supplement power from coal, oil and water, but at present it cannot be produced on a basis to compete with them commercially. Before that time is reached there will be a long period of intensive research.

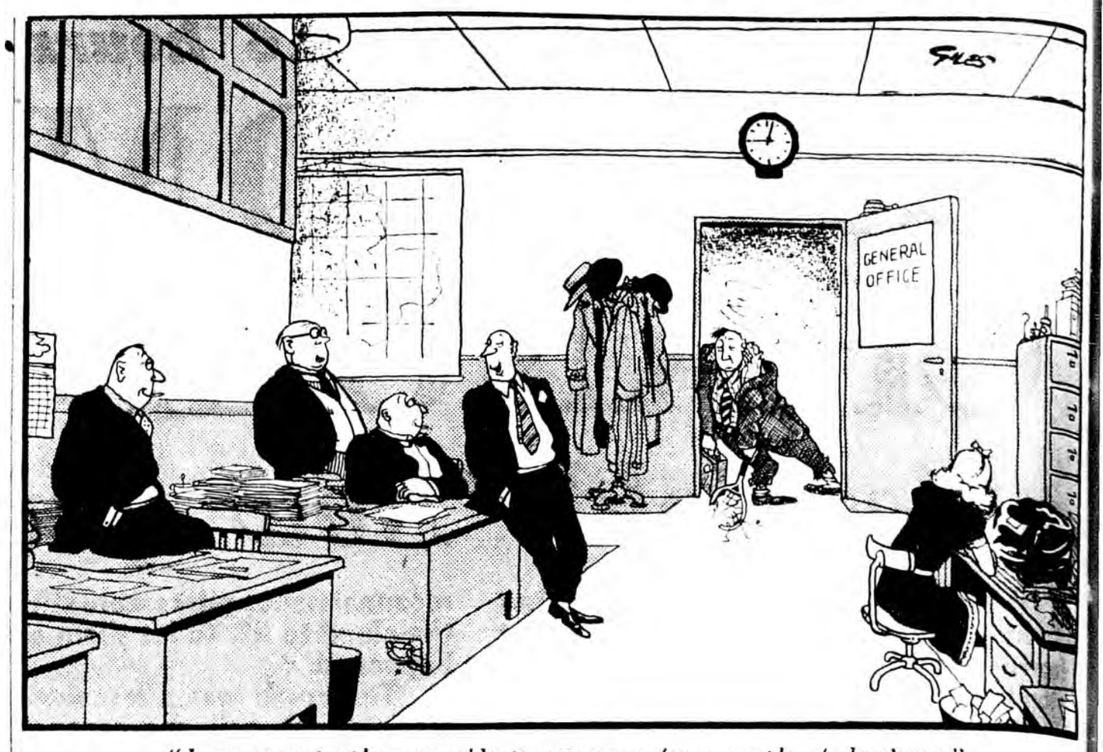
The marvel

THE greatest marvel is not the size of the enterprise, its secrecy, or its cost, but the achievement of scientific brains in putting together infinitely complex pieces of knowledge held by many men in different fields of science into a workable plan.

And hardly less marvellous has been the capacity of industry to design, and of labour to operate, machines and methods of doing things never done before, so that the brainchild of many minds came forth in physical shape and performed as it was supposed to do.

Science and industry worked together under the direction of the U.S. Army. The Army achieved the unique success in managing so diverse a problem in advancement of knowledge in an amazingly short time.

It is doubtful if such another combination could be got together in the world. What has been done is the greatest achievement of organised science in history.



"I see some people were able to get away for a couple of days' rest."

HOLIDAY FICTION—No. 2

NEW HAT

TEN more minutes and the train was due in. The Waterloo Station symphony rose to a crescendo, doors slammed, traffic rumbled, trains shunted, loudspeakers blared.

She was oblivious of the noise and the bustle, though. It was nearly five and a half years since she had seen Bill off to the Far East, and in precisely ten minutes he was due to arrive at this platform. Instead of those flimsy air letter-cards, the writer of them. Solid, warm, real. She felt sick with excitement.

One minute she wanted to laugh and sing, to confide in absolute strangers. "Bill, my husband, is coming home today!" The next she had an illogical desire to weep.

She had one more quick look in her compact mirror, and confidence returned. It was extraordinary what a hat could do. Instead of the harassed housewife and mother, instead of the woman who stood for hours every week in food queues, and whose hands were chapped with washing clothes and pots, she saw quite a different person. A woman with poise, elegance and mystery; a woman with a sense of humour and a suggestion of devil-may-care.

The woman under this hat lunched as a matter of habit in exclusive Mayfair restaurants, went to first nights and wore orchids, she had never been to Suburbia let alone lived there, and her secretary queued for her.

★ ☆ ★

IT was something to do with the tilt of the hat over one eye that did it, she decided. That and the beautiful pre-war straw and the veil.

It had cost a dreadful amount of money. It seemed almost wicked to pay so much for a hat. However, like most of her friends, she had gone right through the war without buying a new one, and it wasn't so bad when you thought of it that way.

"My husband is coming home from Burma and I want a new hat for the occasion," she said, plucking up courage to walk into an expensive-looking Bond-street milliner's. "It's nearly six years since he saw me, and, well, I don't want him to have a shock! I want him to find me as he left me."

The moment she put on the black hat with the veil it made her feel grand. Just before she had been telling herself not to be such a fool with her victory bonus and to withdraw while she could, that it was time she started for home to get Tony's lunch ready, that she ought to bake a cake for tea.

And now suddenly it didn't matter any more; the serene woman smiling back at her from the mirror was the woman Bill had fallen in love with all those years ago.

It was a wonderful hat. It somehow washed out the memory of their little bombed house, patched up at last, but still inclined to let in the wet during really bad weather; the sleepless nights when there was no mail for weeks on end; the agony of the solitary vigil at Tony's bedside when he had pneumonia.

★ ☆ ★

IT made her feel light-hearted, gay, and—yes, something she had not experienced for years and years—just the merest absurdest bit flirtatious.

"I'm sure your husband will find you even lovelier than when he went away," the milliner said. "Madame looks years younger in it."

Her friends all thoroughly approved of it. As soon as they heard that Bill was being demobbed they told her she must buy some new clothes, and have something done to her hair.

She had become primitive, shabby and almost unkempt-looking. It had not seemed to matter while Bill was away, and in some mysterious way it somehow made it easier to wait. The less attractive you were the less interested other men were in you. And then there was always too much to do.

★ ☆ ★

MY, her mother said, Bill would have a shock if only he could see you now! And it became quite a saying after a while among her family and friends—My, if only Bill could see you now!

Sometimes, for a change, it was: I wonder what Bill is doing now? Dining and wining some beautiful blonde spy no doubt. But behind the fun, right at the back of her mind, was the nasty niggling fear that he might really be meeting beautiful women and that he would compare her unfavourably on his return.

Then she would get in a panic and think: Supposing he doesn't like the new me? Supposing he finds me dull and unattractive? I can't talk about anything but fish queues and dried egg and how the hens are laying. I must read up some stuff about Burma.

Being a grass widow for so long had made her overbearingly possessive and independent. Often she found herself saying "my" house, or "my" garden, instead of "our."

She longed for a holiday right away from the little bombed house in Suburbia, and shopping queues, and, yes, away from her little son Tony for a spell. The new hat made her want to get away even more. But her friends said that after Burma Bill's idea of heaven would be in front of his own fire with his feet up.

Anyway, she had tried to put back the clock. To be the twenty-five-year-old wife he had said goodbye to. The hat was the magic wand.

★ ☆ ★

NOW the train was pulling in. And everybody was milling round her, waving, shouting, laughing. Mothers and sons. Husbands and wives. Brothers and sisters. Fathers and daughters. She felt helpless and a little frightened. It was impossible to find or recognise anybody in this mob. Perhaps he was not even on the train.

They caught sight of each other almost at the same time. He still had the same funny walk, the same way of crinkling his nose when he laughed. He had filled out a lot and looked browner and fitter than she had ever seen him, and he had lost a little more hair.

Then they were hugging each other tight. And the din and the chatter and the roar were shut out. The clock would remain at twelve five for the rest of time.

After a while he removed her hat very gently and clumsily. "That's better," he whispered. "More like the real you, now, darling. Always preferred you without a hat, remember?"

J. H. Haigh

WILLIAM HICKEY

Straight or wavy?

HOLLOW laughter aboard HMS King Alfred at the moment.

Nothing romantic or even seagoing about King Alfred. It is just the name of a Naval Training Establishment at Hove.

And it is now providing a series of refresher courses for RNVR officers—many of them profusely decorated young men who, for more than three years, have been commanding MLs, MTBs, etc.

The star training film the King Alfred instructors are showing these veterans concerns anti-aircraft gunnery control. Illustrates the right and wrong ways of shooting down aircraft.

The gun's crew is the same all through the picture, but every time the right way of shooting down a plane is illustrated, the Control Officer is shown to be a regular RN officer. And every single time the gun's crew makes a mess of it, a different Control Officer is substituted—wearing the wavy braid of the RNVR.

Profusely decorated pupils think it might have been arranged more tactfully . . .

WHAT about it—are we to go on carrying identity cards about with us? Well, even if we are, there is no need for the authorities to get so fussed when somebody happens to lose the wretched thing.

A friend's mother—aged 81—dropped her identity card in the street the other day. It was picked up by a passer-by, handed to the police.

A fortnight later the police called at her house, gave her back the folder in which she kept her card, said: "We're not going to give you back the card—we've handed that in to the Food Office."

Friend asked the police whether she might go to the Food Office and collect her mother's card for her. Police said yes, certainly. So to the Food Office she went, armed with the old woman's ration-book, just to assist identification.

She was told: "How do we know you are any relation to the old woman? She must sign this form and get an entirely new identity card which will be ready in a fortnight. That will cost one shilling. No, you certainly can't have the old one back.

Says the friend: "The workings of the official mind get curiouser and curiouser" . . .

SINISTER notice in the Livestock For Sale column of a Welsh paper:—

"Disarticulated skeleton (half) with skull complete; good condition; grey kid shoes, slender, size 6ins."

Rupert and the Young Dragon—50

Rupert flies round for a few minutes to make sure that he is in the right part of the world. Then he has the problem of bringing the balloon down. Remembering Pong-Ping's instructions, he lets the gas out very, very slowly, and, keeping the propeller going, guides it away from trees. A wind has sprung up, which makes things difficult, but he manages to bump down on the common and, switching off the propeller, he grabs the young dragon.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

BY THE WAY *by Beachcomber*

I SEE that Lord Goatsfoot, the Puisne Judge of Arraigns, criticises Cockle-carrot's explanation of the delay in bringing the German leaders to justice.

According to Lord Goatsfoot, the whole matter centres on the size, colour and texture of the wigs to be worn at the trials. An old Act of Eggfrith the Foolish, never repealed, lays it down that in trials outside England the wig of a judge must be two inches and a millimetre longer than usual, and must be dark brown instead of grey. Further, it must be made of the fleece of sheep shorn at a single shearing, in the presence of two Folk-Reeves, a Precursor, a Guarantor, a Summator, a Narrator, a Potator, and sixteen Shire-Moot Escoffers.

Odd occurrence

"I—ER—I'm so sorry. I didn't catch your name."

"Filth."

"I—beg your pardon. I don't quite——"

"Filth. My name is Filth."

"Oh—but it can't be. I mean, *Filth?*"

"Yes, Filth."

"Lorna—this is Mr. Filth."

"Don't be silly, Muriel."

"There, you see, Mr. Filth? Nobody will believe that's your name. What do your friends call you?"

"Filth."

"Oh, well, let's just leave it."

Comrades in distress

"MY dear chap, when you have waited all day for a tiger that never shows its head and have to go home without firing a shot," said the voice in the bus, "why, then——"

At that point another voice chipped in. "Well, I've waited all day for a bit o' fish that never showed its 'ead, and I'm goin' 'ome without firin' a shot, so 'ere's to the pair on us!"

Holiday

UNDER the high station roof oaths rang out. The people in the train which had just arrived could not get out, because the running board was crammed with others trying to get in. A birdcage fell with a sickening thud on to a basket of eggs. A suitcase was bashed in by a heavy foot. A bowler rolled on to the line. A woman wiped "sausage"-roll from her hat. Then a high official arrived crying, "Now then, now then, what's going on here?" "It's the switch-over to peace," roared a perspiring giant whose collar had burst.

My Information Bureau

HOW *can I turn my nostrils inside out, without hurting my nose?*

Answer: You can't.

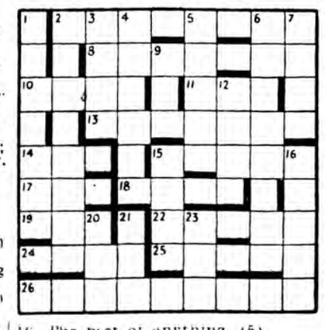
CROSSWORD

Across

2 and 7. Bovine nursery jump (4, 3, 4)
8. Place that will imply a negative (7)
10. Means of listening to the north. (4)
11. I am found in negotiations. (3)
13. R.N. lent a pathfinder? (7)
14. Electric with me and a tree; initially a capital ruling body. (3)
15. Has me confused with it. (5)
17. Ebony by-pass. (3)
18. Eastern title. (4)
19. That space between. (3)
22. Feeling of disgust from satiety. (5)
24. Has it tags on its horns? (4)
25. You couldn't have anything worse. (5)
26. A singular roadside feature. (9)

Down

1. Seen on the cricket field and not only during the ladies' match (4, 3) 2. Top layer (8)
3. Container (4)
4. A green disturbance will not pacify. (6)
5. Found in the settee that wobbles (5)
6. It leaves us no more in this conformation. (8)
7. See 2 Across.
9. Let Dan go after this, with castanets probably. (3)
12. Why leave a gayer mix-up. (4)
15. Bird. (4)
16. The best of anything (5)
20. Let this aver to idle talk. (3)
21. To get the dwelling give this to the parson (3)
23. To be thus able is outstanding (3)

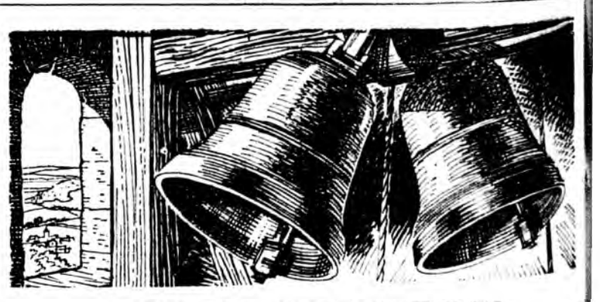


Solution of yesterday's puzzle.—**Across:** 1 Work of art; 8 Iron; 9 Flair; 11 Ovoid; 12 Din; 13 Dodge; 14 Onward; 16 Yes; 17 War lords; 21 Brilliant; 23 Tilt; 24 Rue; 25 See 2 Down. **Down:** 1 Window box; 2 and 25 Ordinary seaman; 5 Roan; 4 Know all; 5 Flood; 6 Ridges; 7 Trees; 10 Aid; 13 Droll; 15 Write; 18 Rita; 19 Darn; 20 Step; 22 Nut.

RADIO

HOME — 342.1 m. —
6.30—Records
7—News; Weather
7.20—Exercises
7.35—Bach (records).
7.55 — Lift Up Your Hearts!
8—News; Weather.
8.20—Kitchen Front.
8.25—Maritza Players
9—Records.
9.50 — Albert Sandler Trio.
10.15—Service.
10.30 — Charles Smart: organ.
11 — Drifting and Dreaming.
11.30 — Orchestral Records.
12.10—Two in Accord: piano music.
12.30 — Workers' Playtime
1—News
1.10 — South American Music (records)
1.45 — Harold Darke: organ
2.15 — Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour
2.30—Three-Band Session (records).
3—Religious Music and Talk.
3.30—Request Records: orchestral.
4.15—Merry-Go-Round.
5.15—Children.
6—News; Weather.

LIGHT—1,500 m. — 9
News.
9.15 — Teddy Foster's Band.
9.45 — Keyboard Cavalcade.
10—Records.
11—Harry Fryer's Orch.
11.30 — Operatic Records
12.15—Melodious Moods
12.30—News.
12.40 — Songtime (records).
1—One o'clock Story.
1.15—Cricket: England v. Australia.
1.30 — London Studio Players
2.15 — Band of the Welsh Guards.
2.45 — The Robinson Family.
3—Piano Records.
3.15—Cricket.
3.30 — Coventry Hippodrome Orch.
4—Georges Thill: tenor
4.15 — Reginald Foort: organ.
4.45—Cricket.
5—Michaeloff's Mazurka Orch.
5.30—Flotsam Follies.
6 — Oscar Rabin's Rhythm Band.
6.30—Swing Club (records)
7—News.
7.10—Cricket.
7.15 — Sidney Torch's Orch.
8—Carroll Levis Show
8.15—Three's Company harmony.
9—Eugene Pini's Tango Orch
9.30 — The Man Outside: play
10—News.
10.10—Records.
10.30 — Jay Wilbur's Orch.
11 — Golden Slumbers: Orch.
11.30 — Reginald Foort: organ.
11.50-12—News.



LET the BELLS RING *but . . .*

Let the bells ring
for the half is done!
But after the bells
a task remains.
The roof is safe,
the fireside smiles,
but sons are away
from their homes, away
ten thousand miles;
Burma, Borneo,
Hong Kong, Singapore.
Though half is done
still half remains.

While they still fight
shall we forget—
with a world to mend
and wounds to heal?
The bells that ring
to bid us rejoice
they also ring
with a graver voice:
a sterner summons
no man may shirk
to new beginnings
and nobler work.

THANKSGIVING WEEKS

Local THANKSGIVING WEEKS are being planned throughout the Country. Back up your own Savings Committee. Make this the greatest effort yet.

Issued by the National Savings Committee